

# THE COUNTY PAPER.

DORRIS & Co., Publishers.

OREGON SUMMER.

Queen of the year, with thy bannered processions,  
Dawns strung with diamonds and blazing  
with gold,  
Noons when the purple trails far o'er the mountain  
tains,  
Eves when the crimson lies fold upon fold,  
Nights when the silver moon smiles on ocean,  
Days when the earth is the bride of the sun—  
Queen of the year, O thou radiant Summer,  
How shall we reckon the spoils thou hast won!

Rick are thy roses in passionate languor,  
Singing their hearts out and kissing the  
breeze;  
Royal thy lilies that wait for thy lovers—  
Chastest white vestals and stately are these:  
Glad are thy harvests that laugh on the hill-  
tops,  
Burden the meadows till joyously shorn;  
Sweet are thy winds as they ripple and rustle  
Through the long ranks of the green ribbon-  
ed corn.

Tumbles thy surf in its mirth on the shingle,  
Over the beach pour thy tides at the full,  
Bly the dark waters o'er inlet and cavern,  
Glide the white sails and the strong power's  
pull.

Everywhere labor and brightness and motion  
Everywhere silence and shadow and rest—  
Queen of the year, thou hast all in thy keeping  
Waking and sleeping are both in thy breast.

List from the orchard the song of the robin,  
Hunting the hawk with his story of truth;  
Look how the crane flashes in splendor,  
Hark to the dove with his soft cooing rith;  
Music and fragrance are thine, fairest Summer,  
Yet it is not for thy wealth or thy grace,  
Dearest, we prize thee who dream of thy  
beauty.

Vailing our eyes from the sight of thy face,  
Rare is thy touching, O potent enchantress,  
Lo! at the fall of thy gentle caresses,  
Days that are faded return to delight us,  
Tones that are echoes our memories bless;  
Only a waft from a hay-mounded meadow,  
Only a snatch from a waltz of long years,  
Years roll away, we are young, we are happy,  
Summer, sweet Sovereign, our hearts' love  
is thine.

## FROM SLAVE TO SOVEREIGN.

The Romantic Possibilities of Russian History as Illustrated in the Story of Martha.

At Ringen, a village of Livonia, Russia, on the 27th of January, 1849, a girl was born named Martha Kabe, whose history is so wonderful it seems ideal rather than real.

When she was between 4 and 5 years of age her parents died, leaving her in so destitute a condition that the parish clerk out of pity provided her with a home in his family.

Soon afterward Dr. Gluck, a Lutheran minister of Marienburg, near Ringen, on his way through the latter place, chanced to see the child, and was so pleased with her appearance that he volunteered to take her under his own protection.

As the expense necessary to her support was quite an item to one receiving his small income, and, besides, knowing that her advantages would be greater at Marienburg than at Ringen, the clerk willingly committed Martha to the minister's care.

Bright, active, amiable, she shortly endeared herself to every member of Dr. Gluck's household, and, manifesting a great desire to be useful, she was inducted into the mysteries of house-keeping, and rendered his wife notable assistance.

In 1762 she was sought in marriage by a brave and honorable officer of the Swedish garrison of Marienburg—then under the government of Sweden—and, with the approval of her foster-father, consented to become his wife.

Just prior to her marriage the struggle between Russia and Sweden began, and some authors affirm that on her wedding day others that on the day after, Marienburg was taken by the Russian army. What became of the husband is not known, though it is certain that his bride never saw him again.

At this time, less than 14 years old, she had a womanly appearance, and of slight figure, regular features, fair complexion, dark eyes, and was really handsome.

Aware that the Russians were wont to sell their female prisoners, if young and good-looking, as slaves in Turkey she, dressing such a slave, concealed herself in an oven, where she was discovered by the soldiers.

General Bauer, lieutenant of Sheremetef, who commanded the victorious army, seeing her among the captives, was smitten with her beauty, and sent her to his tent, where she was given the superintendence of his domestic affairs.

She had been in his service but a short time, when Prince Menchikoff saw, and expressed a desire to purchase her. Bauer made a present of his fair servant to the Prince, into whose service she at once passed.

About this time, 1768, she joined the Greek Church, taking the name of Catherine Alexievna.

Peter the Great enjoyed nothing better than to dine with his favorites quite informally. One day, while seated at the table of Prince Menchikoff, a vision of loveliness in the guise of a young woman who had poured wine into his cup caused the laugh on his lips to die away, and, when she went from the room.

"Who is she?" he asked, tremulously.

"My slave," was the response.

"I desire to purchase her, and will pay any price you may ask."

"I shall be pleased if your Majesty will accept her," said the Prince, deferentially, however averse to parting with his "slave" he may have been.

That very day Catherine went to Moscow with the Czar. By her cheerfulness, gentleness, and mental vigor, she acquired great influence over him, and finally he transacted all business with his ministers in her presence, frequently asking her advice with reference to important matters.

In 1767 he privately married her. For several years the marriage was not made public, but her position and power were well understood.

Peter was subject to attacks of despondency, which amounted almost to insanity, and caused the most acute physical suffering. While they lasted he was absolutely dangerous, but even then Catherine hesitated not to approach him, and found that her voice and touch calmed his mind and soothed his pain. So she accompanied him on all his journeys and expeditions, deeming her presence essential to his comfort, if not to his very existence.

In March, 1711, he publicly avowed

his marriage with Catherine, and called upon Russia to acknowledge her as Czarina.

A few months later hostilities were begun against him by the Sultan of Turkey, and he set forth to meet the Turks. Near the Pruth, a river that forms the boundary between the Russian and Turkish dominions, the two armies encountered each other. The result was an unfortunate one for Peter, and he found himself completely surrounded by troops numbering five times as many as his own.

For three days the Turks endeavored to force a passage through the Russian lines, unsuccessfully. Then the Grand Vizier, commanding the Sultan's army, resolved to starve out the enemy or compel it to surrender.

Several thousand Russian lives had fallen on the battlefield, their ammunition and provisions were almost exhausted; they suffered terribly from thirst. Further resistance seemed both foolish and useless, and Peter, in despair, retired to his tent.

Despite his orders that no one be admitted to his presence Catherine went to him, and, by her tact and energy, effected the salvation of his honor. At her dictation Sheremetef wrote a letter to the Grand Vizier, which led to a declaration of peace. The story that she gave her jewels, and money collected from the soldiers, to the Vizier, as a bribe, is without foundation.

On the 10th of February, 1712, she was regularly proclaimed Czarina, with considerable pomp and splendor, though the ceremony was less magnificent than it would have been save for the disasters of the recent war.

For many years Peter and Catherine lived together happily, but in 1724 there was an unpleasantness which led to the separation, caused by certain rumors affecting her integrity. However, when he died, Jan. 28, 1725, it was in her arms.

Immediately after Peter's death, Catherine was proclaimed Empress of all the Russias. The beginning of her reign was marked by numerous acts of clemency. She freed many prisoners, recalled some who had been exiled, prevented the execution of not a few who had been condemned to death. Nor were her friends of former days forgotten. She pensioned the widow of Dr. Gluck, who had died a prisoner at Moscow; made his son a page, settled a large annuity upon each of his three eldest daughters, and advanced the youngest to be one of her maids of honor.

Her reign was of short duration. She died May 27, 1797, of a cancer aggravated by her irregular habits and an excessive use of wine. It has been asserted that she died of poison administered in a cup of wine. But there is no reason for believing such a report.

Some writers have claimed that a desire that one of her own children should succeed to the throne influenced her to embitter the Czar's feelings against Alexia, his son. It is true that he had divorced; that his son was committed to prison, where he died at her instigation. She has also been charged with causing her husband's death by poisoning him. Both imputations are false.

It is not to be presumed that her character was wholly free from defects. But, all in all, she was one of the noblest, most extraordinary women that ever lived. So uneducated that she could not write her own name, she possessed traits which would have enabled her to achieve distinction whatever her sphere of life.

## A New Mexico Sand Storm.

Albuquerque Journal.

The sand storm constitutes the one and only disagreeable feature of our New Mexico climate, but this doesn't come often nor remain long, and disagreeable as it is when it visits our city, it is paradise itself in comparison with the cyclones of the Mississippi valley, scattering death and destruction in their pathway.

The sand storm is entirely disagreeable and uncomfortable, but the driving snow storms of the North, the marrow-chilling east winds of the Atlantic coast or the mud that envelops the earth for weeks at a time throughout north, south and east. The sand storm is never uncomfortable, it is never muddy, and it is never strong enough to be dangerous; it is simply "dirty"—and that expresses all of it. It fills your mouth, and nose, and eyes, and ears; it piles up drifts of sand on the lee sides of the fences, and as drifts of snow are piled up in New England, though not so great a depth; it fills the air with sand every where, indoors and out; it covers the counters and desks and goods at your store, and the furniture and even the windows are not proof against it; it enters your house, and filters through the frames, and filters through the most infinitesimal cracks, through which you would think the air itself could not penetrate; the atmosphere of your room is filled with it, and the paper upon which you try to write is covered with it like the gentle dew of heaven; it falls upon the furniture, and the floors, and the walls, and the unjust, and falls everywhere.

It is useless to fight against it, and your best course is to make up your mind at the start to endure it, and, in the words of Patrick Henry, "Let it come." But, after all, it is clean dirt; it does not stick like mud, and it doesn't soil anything. The blow lasts usually from one to six hours, and when it is over, all you have to do is to "shake yourself" dusting and sweeping will remove all vestiges of it from house, clothing and furniture.

Every outdoor nuisance, every animal, every festering spot everything that could contaminate the atmosphere, is carefully buried, and the air, purified and electrified by the sand, is so luxuriously exhilarating that the breathing of it is a joy which you feel more than compensation for all the disagreeableness of the storm.

## Some Florida Pestiferous Products.

A Florida letter says: More feared now by the traveler in Florida than the Indians are her insects. In some seasons the flea is omnipresent and innumerable. He is recognized in polite society, and scratching is tolerated, as in Scotland. Ticks abound in the cat-pastures. They consist of an Indian rubber sack attached to a small corker's head, which latter they insert under your cuticle and through which they draft your precious sanguineous fluid into the sack. You are apprised of one's presence by suddenly feeling a protuberance as large as a buckshot, occasioned by the extension of the sack. You attempt to drag it off, but succeed only in pulling the body away, after which you can dig out the head at your leisure with your hunting knife. The red bug is to be found on nearly all the hunting grounds, near fresh water.

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acely where you desire to encamp, and is very apt to appear in a swarm when he comes. I can not describe him, as I have never subjected him to microscopic examination. To the naked eye he has the appearance of a light grey, hairy, burrowing under the cuticle. The poison is sure in its action. The irritation is insufferable, and the general result is a sore as large as a half dollar, which will resist cure for weeks. Jiggers exist in some localities. They generally insinuate themselves between the fingers and toes and deposit an egg, from which is hatched a worm that, in many cases, in addition to great pain, causes serious lameness and inconvenience. Mosquitoes, after the first of May, become a terrible pest. They are of the small black variety, exceedingly poisonous, come in clouds, and make life unbearable in some localities. But the worst of all to the hunter or fisherman is the sand fly. He comes all at once and his name is legion. You are hunting on the sea beach among the mangroves or palmettos, or anchored in a bay or cut in one of the keys, when the breeze suddenly dies out. A column of fire falls upon forehead, cheeks, neck and hand, fills up your eyes, ears, nostrils and mouth. Blind, breathless, sore and suffering, there is nothing for it but to surrender at once and run or row for your life. They are infinitesimal black gnats, resembling the Superstition forest gnats, but the smallest breath of the breeze is sufficient to relieve you of them; otherwise they would render some regions uninhabitable.

## BLACK CLOUD.

Sale of the Famous Trotting Stallion—Record, 2:17 1/4—Purchased by Mayor M. V. Wagner, of Marshall, Mich.

The telegraphic announcement made a few days ago that the famous trotting stallion, Black Cloud, whose brilliant performance upon the dirt last season which won both the astonishment and admiration of horsemen, had been sold by the estate of the late Andrew Cutler, of Parma, Mich., to M. V. Wagner, Esq., mayor of Marshall, Mich., has been verified and proven to be correct. Black Cloud is a marvel of beauty and admiration, and in perhaps the handsomest and most magnificent looking horse in a race that ever trotted upon the American turf. A large, finely proportioned horse, with a color, "as black, as black can be," with not a mark upon him, save a small, bright, beautiful star in the forehead. His hair is as fine as silk, and as soft as velvet, his mane and tail are long and heavy, his tail almost touching the ground. When trotting at full speed he is a beautiful sight, with his heavy mane flying in the breeze, his long, even, unerring stride, and so strong his gait, so grand his action, so perfect his every movement, that he is a perfect beauty to behold. He is a perfect beauty to behold. He is a perfect beauty to behold.

The noble animal passed into most excellent hands. The purchaser, Mayor M. V. Wagner, of Marshall, Mich., is not only an admirer and lover of good horses, but is also a most excellent business man, and a man of great energy and enterprise. He is a large manufacturer, and is the business manager of the Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., whose excellent Electro Voltaic Belts, and other Electric Appliances for the cure of various diseases of the human body, have, by their virtue and wonderful accomplishments, achieved an enormous sale, and are only throughout the United States, but are shipped to every country throughout the civilized world.

Mayor Wagner has placed Black Cloud in the hands of that noted driver, Peter V. Johnson, of Chicago, who will care for him as a private property. His excellent management we expect to see the horse accomplish wonders.

## The Incurable Deception.

New York Sun.

Wooden nutmegs are things of the past, you may say, and a grocer. They have been superseded. "What has taken their places?" "Just step around the counter here and I'll show you. Do you see that box of spices? They look very nice, don't they? Now taste 'em; they taste good, don't they? Well, you know, what do you think of 'em?"

"From all appearances I should say that they were a fair lot of spice."

"That is just where your judgment falls short. They are not spices at all."

"What are they, then?"

"Just ground coconut shells, flavored with spice extracts. The difference in color comes from burning the shells. Why do I keep 'em? Because people want 'em. Of course they are a fraud from beginning to end. But they are cheap, and people want cheap goods, just as they want everything else cheap. Large quantities are manufactured and shipped all over the country. They are sold as genuine spices, but any grocer with a particle of sense knows from the prices that they cannot be the real article. You see they look, taste and smell just as well as the real thing, but they are not in food and you will soon see the difference. They do not flavor. A drop of clove extract will smell stronger than ten twenty pounds of cloves, but I think the twenty pounds would flavor more hot rum, don't you?"

"You have no idea of the danger that is used in getting up these and other imitations. The best chemical knowledge is employed. What do you think of stamping out whole peppers and cloves? It is done, though. Young men, the general grocery trade is extending. With success for sugar, oleomargarine for butter, cheese, innocent of milk, and coconut shell spices it is becoming a big business."

## The King and the Miller.

Examiner and Chronicle.

Near Sans Souci, the favorite residence of Frederic the Great, there was a mill, which much interfered with the pleasure of the king. One day, the King sent to inquire what the owner would take for the mill; and the unexpected reply came that the miller would not sell it for any money. The King, much incensed, gave orders the mill should be pulled down. The miller made no resistance, but folding his arms, quietly remarked:

"The King may do this, but there are laws in Prussia. And he took legal proceedings, the result of which was that the King had to rebuild the mill, and to pay a good sum of money besides in compensation."

Although his Majesty was much chagrined at this end to the matter, he put the best face he could upon it, and turning to his courtiers he remarked: "I am glad to see that there are just laws and upright judges in my kingdom."

## A sequel to this incident occurred

about forty years ago. A descendant of the miller of whom we have just been talking, had come into possession of the mill.

After having struggled for several years against ever increasing poverty, and being at length quite unable to keep on his business, he wrote to the King of Prussia, reminding him of the incident we have just related, and stating that if his Majesty felt so disposed, he would be very thankful, in his difficulty, to sell the mill. The King wrote the following reply with his own hand:

"My DEAR NEIGHBOR:—I cannot allow you to sell the mill. It must always be in your possession as long as one member of your family exists, for it belongs to the history of Prussia. I recognize, however, to hear that you are in such straitened circumstances, and therefore send you herewith \$6,000, in the hope that it may be of some service in restoring your fortunes."

Consider me always your affectionate neighbor. FREDERIC WILLIAM.

## An Exchange of Remedies.

"How is it, my dear, that all the men glance up at your window when they pass, while not a soul looks up at me from one end of the day to the other," asked one ancient maid of another, as they met on Clinton street and exchanged boxwood kisses yesterday afternoon.

"Oh, do they?" giggled the other. "I didn't know it. I can't imagine why they do, I'm sure."

"I don't think you're any more attractive than I am," smiled the first, and yet I never catch a man's eye when you are on guard."

"Is the fault of the men," smirked the fortunate one. "I don't know why they do it more than you do."

"If you will tell me, dear, how you manage it, I will give you a recipe for that wart on your nose. It cured mine."

"Really," sighed the other, rubbing her wart reflectively. "I would like to get rid of that wart. If the recipe is any good, I will give you a lot of cotton."

"What will cure the wart, dear?" and then I will tell you why every man who passes our house once looks up at it when he passes again."

Just make an incision in the wart and drop in lemon juice. Now tell me how to catch the men. I'm dying to know."

"Just rub a little soap on the sidewalk, and stand at the window where they can see you as they come down. As they drop, give a little squeal, wring your hands, and look sympathetically after them as they go away. Not one of 'em but what will give a block of soap to you."

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## FROM KANKAKEE TO WAUKESHA.

Traveler's Magazine.

"Where do you go, my pretty maid?" The insouciant drummer said. "I'm going to the way," said she, "To my humble home in Kankakee."

Then after waiting a little while—"May I ask, sir, where do you go?" And the drummer answered with a smile, "To my lovely home at Kokomo!"

Then outright spoke the conductor bold; "There's some mistake between you two, if you're going home, you've missed your hold. For this train goes to Kalamazoo!"

"Oh, what shall I do," the maiden cried. "They'll think I'm dead, my ma and pa!" "Too bad!" the startled drummer cried: "Come to my friends in Waukegan!"

And she smiled and blushed and quite forgot That he was but a stranger man, And the blunder altered her whole lot, For they got married at Waukegan.

## BREAKING PRAIRIE SOD.

Kansas Farmer.

The time and manner of breaking prairie sod are determined to best advantage by a consideration of the immediate object to be attained. If it is desired to kill the grass and rot the sod only, the best time to break is after the grass has started well to grow and when it is growing rapidly. Two inches in depth then is deep enough.

If the object is to plant seed at once and raise a crop, then the kind of seed to be planted has something to do in determining the depth of plowing, but the time, of course, depends on when you are ready and how soon you wish to plant. For potatoes, three inches is deep enough. Let the seed be placed by hand under the edge of every third furrow of ordinary breaking, turning the next sod over for a covering. Potatoes raised in this manner need no cultivation. Indeed, sod plowed that deep cannot well be cultivated the first three months. The best potatoes we ever raised in Kansas were grown on this plan. In the fall we raised the sods and found the potatoes neatly placed in little thickets ready for gathering.

If it is intended to raise a crop of vegetables, or of good corn, or indeed a full crop of anything except potatoes, it is necessary to break deep enough to allow immediate working with harrows so as to make a bed of loose earth to cultivate and to fill up all the little loose air chambers about the sods. There are two methods of breaking for this purpose. One is to run the plow six or seven inches deep. If the sod is laid over on one edge, rather than flat, the work of pulverizing and filling is easier, though there will be more sod bunches torn up and left on the surface. These may cause more or less trouble to after working by reason of their tendency to take root and grow. When the sod is laid over flat, it requires more work to make the surface loose, but the after cultivation is easier, and the sod is more thoroughly covered.

Another method is better, but it requires still more work. First, run three 2-inch-deep furrows where the land is to be opened, and throw the sods away. Then on that uncovered space, open up the land with three fresh furrows, six inches deep. Then turn a two-inch-deep sod into the deep furrow, and on top of that throw a six-inch-deep slice, and so continue till the ground is all plowed. This separates the sod cleanly from the under earth, and it (the sod) is all buried under six inches of earth that can be broken and pulverized by harrow and rollers. It gives a deep bed of fresh, mellow earth, that in an ordinary season will produce a heavy crop of anything that is planted on it. A good garden can be made thus.

## PREVENTION OF DISEASES IN ANIMALS.

ADDRESSES BY W. L. WILLIAMS, V. M., of Bloomington, Ill., before the Agricultural Institute of the Illinois Industrial University.

The drinking water for animals furnishes the farmer a profitable study in the way of preventing disease. At this day it is scarcely necessary to condemn the dirty, stagnant ponds from which so many of our animals were compelled to drink a few years ago, and yet we may still see what is even worse, a well in the barn-yard so poorly constructed that much of the surface water charged with decaying matter, flows directly into the well, or the cover is poor and rats or other vermin allowed to fall in and decay: greatly endangering the health of the animals compelled to drink the water. In certain limestone districts, many male cattle and sheep die annually from the deposits in the sheath or among the hairs about the opening, especially prevented when taken in time, by trimming away the hairs and cleansing the parts with warm water. A still more serious defect of hard water on male animals in limestone districts is stone in the bladder, which is well worth the trouble of preventing in any of our valuable bulls and rams by substituting cistern for well water.

The evil effects of allowing large quantities of cold water to warm, fatigued animals, or immediately after a full feed are too well known to need mention here.

In the way of stables, many serious disorders may be avoided by careful construction, especially in direction of drainage, ventilation and light. Badly drained stables, with their evil effects, are entirely too common, especially when we remember that drainage costs but little and is worth so much. One can well expect healthy stock if they are compelled to lie or stand in damp stalls, with no way for the urine to escape, which decomposing, sends off unhealthy gases to enter and break down the systems of the animals compelled to breathe it, hence we see an

imals so exposed, suffering from blood poisoning, colds and chest diseases. A poorly drained stable is, as a general rule, poorly ventilated, also, so that animals frequently stand in a direct draft, causing catarrh, pleurisy, perhaps founder, when ventilating by a few windows, high enough above the horse that the incoming air will not strike directly upon him, would obviate the trouble. Cleanliness and careful bedding animals, so as to keep the stalls dry and fresh, often prevents grave disorders of the general system, and also the irritating effects of the ammonia on the eyes, causing inflammation of them and blindness. In working, great inducements to exercise intelligent care present themselves on every side.

The evils of over driving, including many forms of lameness, also many general diseases, such as the colic, founder, and chest diseases from taking cold, are too well known to each of you to need dwelling on here.

Galls and bruises are more readily prevented by properly adjusting your harness, than they are cured by the best remedies, besides the loss of the animal's work at a busy season. A sprained shoulder or aweeney can be brought on in half a day on an ill-fitting collar, uneven traces, or by the animal pulling away from his mate, when a few minutes would suffice, perhaps, to fix the harness properly, or in case of side pulling changing to the other side might break the habit and prevent the injury, which would require weeks or months to cure. How often we see drivers start on a long journey at a break-neck speed, probably soon after eating, and keeping up as furious a gallop for two or three miles, or as long as the animal feels good and wants to go, and then finishes his trip at a slow pace, the fatigued animal needing to be urged to get him along, when had the animal been held back during the first of the journey, he could have completed it in a shorter time without urging, and feeling fresh and well.

Heavy cases and much annoyance frequently occur from lack of exercise, especially in case of male breeding animals, but we can readily see the value of careful exercise in ordinary work animals, which at times are compelled to stand tied by the head for days and weeks, becoming hide bound, constipated and unthrifty, when with a little freedom each day they would remain strong and vigorous. Sometimes we see a robust animal, working moderately every day and well fed, so that his entire system is overcharged with rich, thick blood, but two or three rainy days come and he is kept in his stable with full allowance of food, and all this time the blood is becoming richer and thicker. After the few days have passed, he is taken from the stall and put to work, feeling more vigorous than usual, and appearing to delight in his work and takes hold with energy. His vigorous exercise rapidly diminishes the amount of water in the already very thick blood and other changes quickly follow, the blood circulates imperfectly and fails to fulfill its part. The animal loses his keenness, becomes stiff about the joints, sweats profusely, trembles and if not stopped soon falls in the road and is unable to rise for hours, days or weeks, often never. The disorder is sometimes called agoutia, at other times spinal meningitis, but rob the disease of its mystery and Latin, and we have simply too much feed with no exercise, and bearing this in mind you only need to feed such animals very light and allow daily exercise when not worked.

In the cure of disease, judicious care and gentle nursing form two of the most essential parts of the treatment, suffering themselves to carry the animal through many milder forms of disease without the aid of medicine. Especially is this true in most cases of such epizootics as our late pink eye, as it occurred in the country, where the animals could have plenty of pure air. In this disease three of the most noticeable symptoms were constipation, inflamed eyelids and painfully sore legs. The constipation could be overcome, by grass, bran, scalded oats, etc., the inflammation of the eyes could be lessened by keeping them darkened and blowing occasionally with cold water, and the stiff, painful legs could be benefited by fomenting with warm water and applying flannel bandages afterwards, while the self-limited disease ran its course in a few days and all was well.

Good shelter and bedding are among the first essentials to successful treatment. If a horse falls in the road, and cannot rise, no time should be lost in loading him on a sled or some boards, and conveying him to comfortable quarters, or if this should be impracticable, make a shelter over the animal as he lies.

Good bedding for a prostrate animal or one getting up and down a great deal, is absolutely necessary if you wish the animal to recover without having bad bed sores. Numerous cases have come to my notice where animals have taken colic or diarrhoea or other form of disease while on the road, and instead of stopping the animal as soon as noted to be amiss, the driver continues his journey for several miles, making the case so much worse by the work that no amount of skill might suffice to save the animal; when he had stopped the animal at the first, and allowed it to rest quietly, even without any treatment at all, it would quite likely have recovered.

In the various fevers, much comfort and good may be done the animal by hand-rubbing and bandaging